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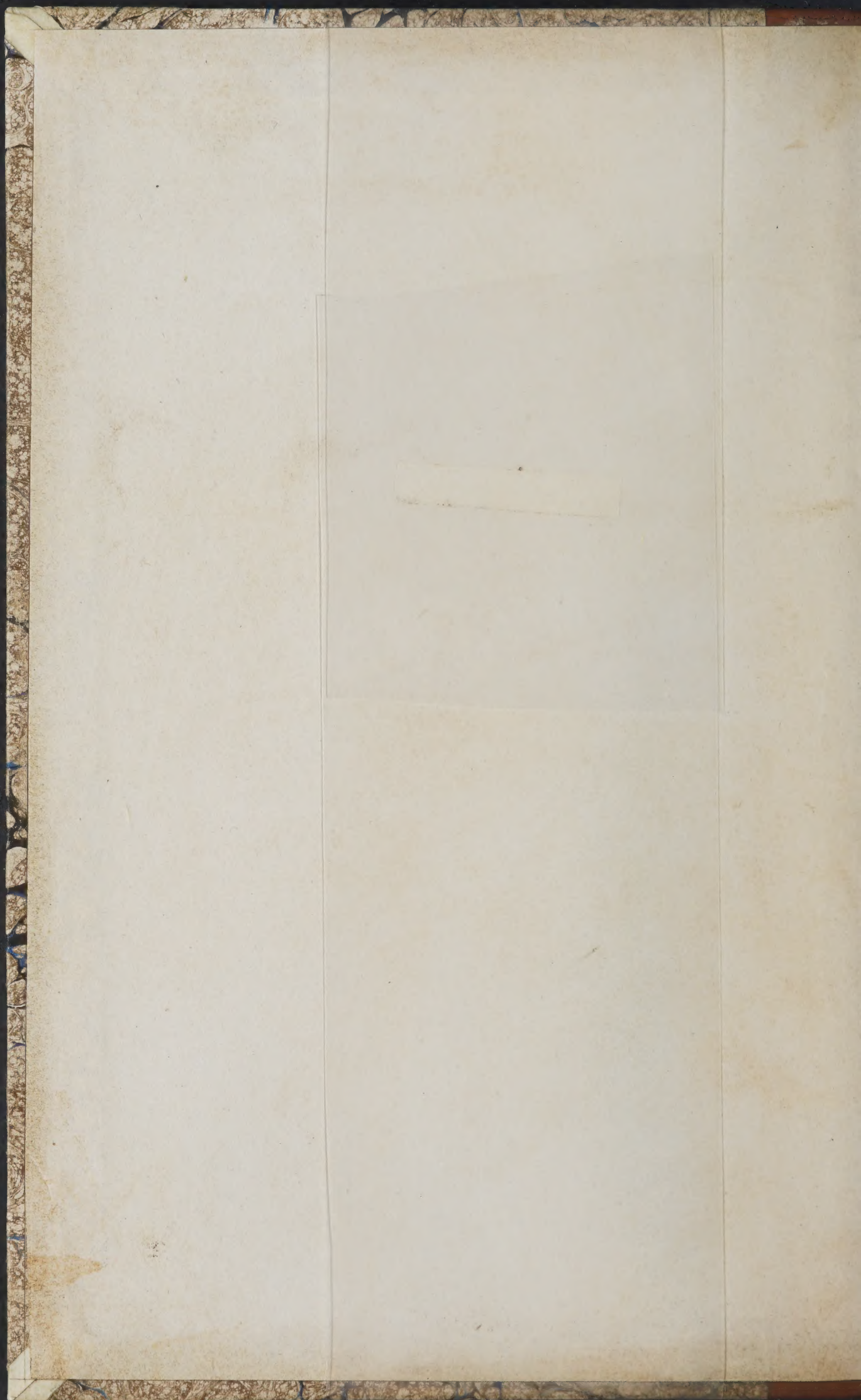
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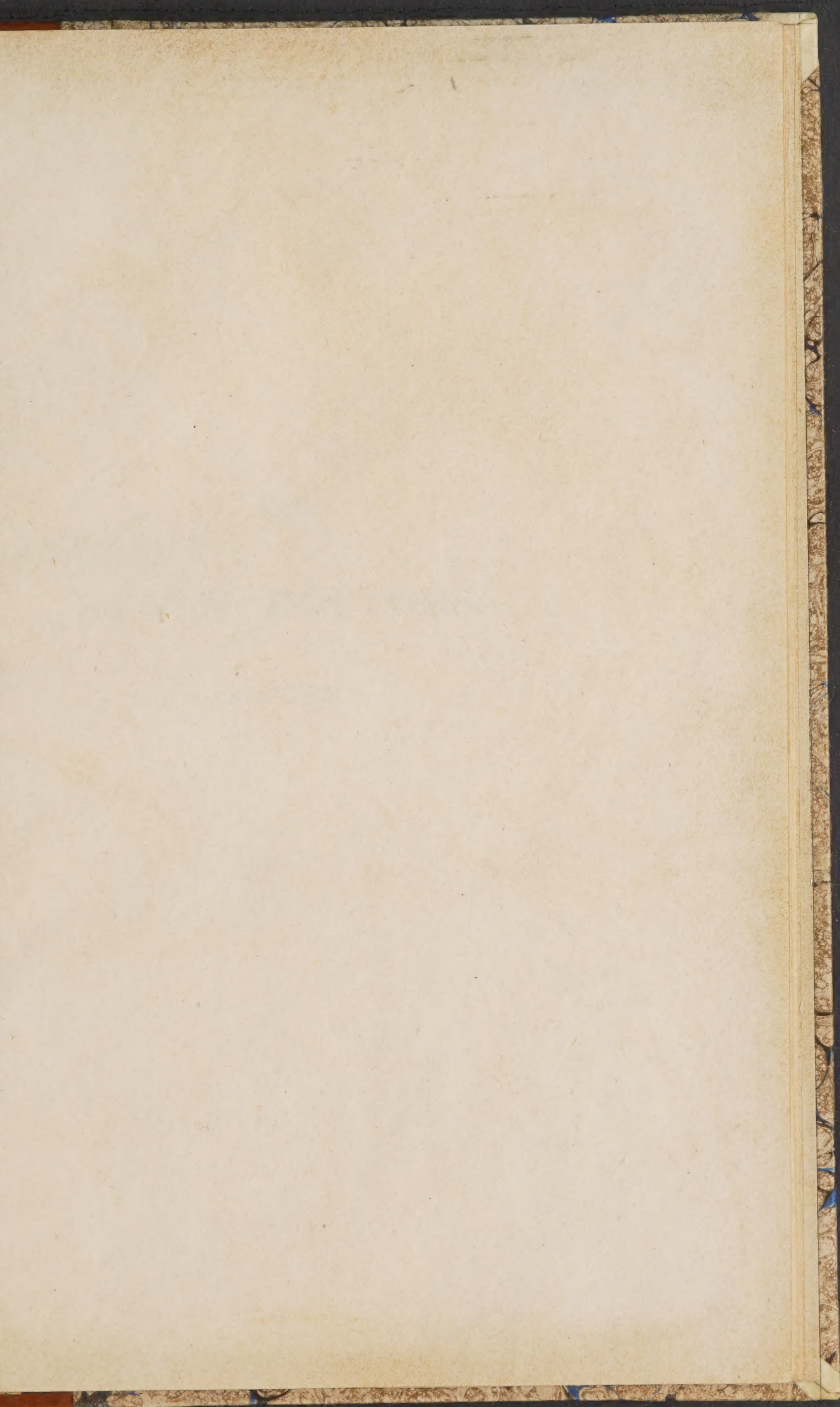
STATE DOCTORS

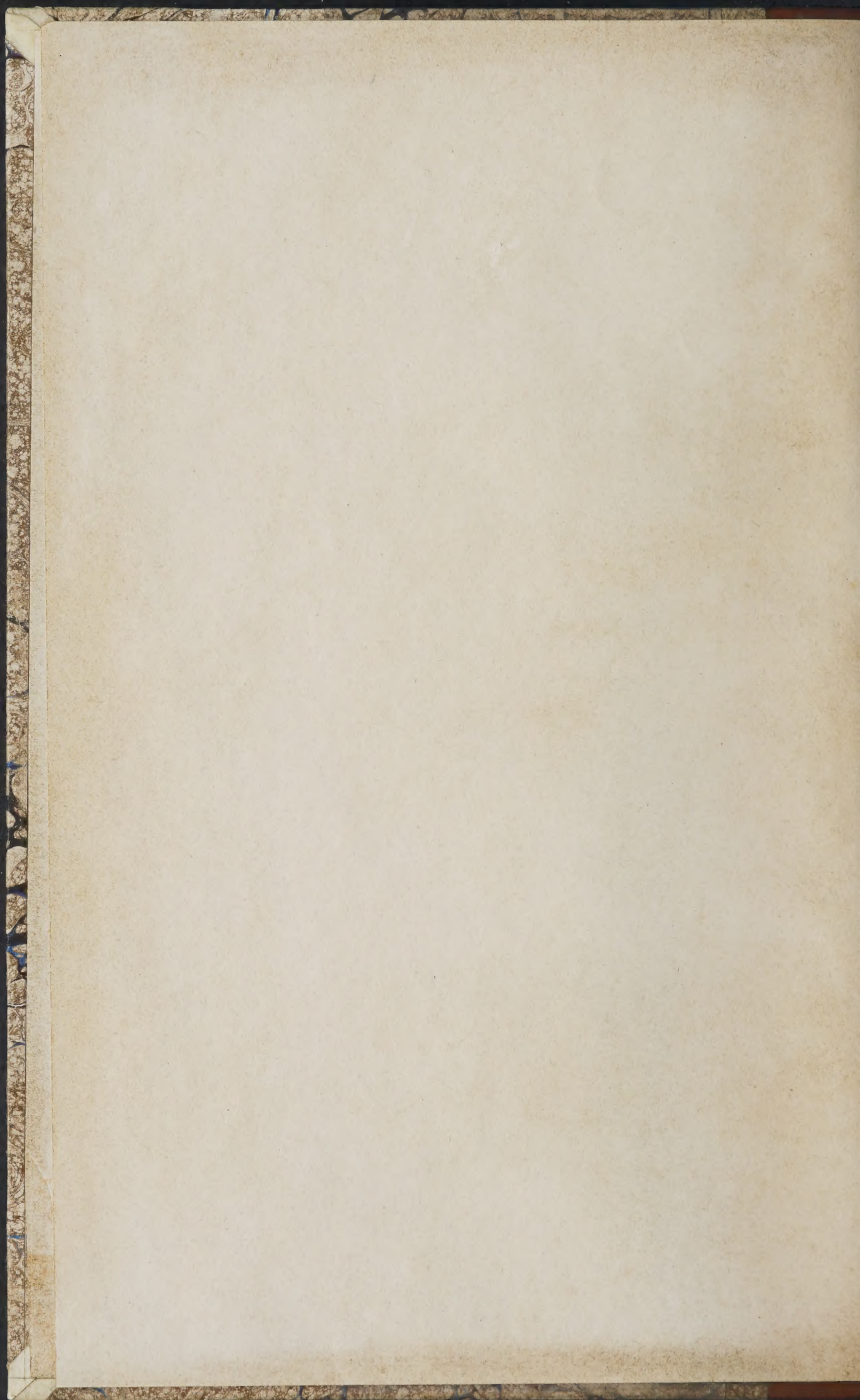












THE
STATE DOCTORS.

A POEM.

THE
STATE DOCTORS.

A POEM.

THE
STATE DOCTORS,
OR
A Tale of the Times.
A POEM,
IN FOUR CANTOS.

—>><<—
BY
CERVANTES.

—*—
FREEDOM, if rightly understood,
Means simply this—The PUBLIC GOOD.
That State is free, where Law unites
With Justice, to protect the rights
Of honest men, whate'er their stations,
From rogues of *all* denominations.

—*—
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APOLOGY.



FACTION, by suff'rance grown too bold,
Needs now and then to be controll'd,
Requires correction and coercion;
For, tho' it but excites diversion,
To see display'd in daily papers
Speeches of Smiths and Linen-drapers,
Who, with as much ease and *nonchalance*
As they a cash-account could balance,
Or rivet up a silver kettle,
The national affairs could settle;
Yet, when all decency's thrown by,
With Envy leagued, and Calumny,
Sloth, Discord, Discontent, and Pride,
And dark Ambition for her guide,

Faction, just like a felon wretch,
 Escap'd the claws of Mister Ketch,
 Or by a quibble, or a flaw,
 Or luck, and lenity of law,
 Gets harden'd as a coward slave,
 Who out of danger's ever brave;
 And, like America, supposing
 The spirit's dead—that is but dosing,
 (As *Rogers* to his shame soon felt
 When he attack'd the *Little Belt*,)
 Presumes in face of day to swagger,
 To shake her head, and shew her dagger,
 To broach sedition *à la Danton*,*
 To talk of throttling *à la lanterne*,†
 To countenance by canting pity
 A lawless, blackguard, base banditti,
 To palliate the crime of murder,
 And term it *patriotic* ardour.‡

* Danton, one of the demagogues in France during the revolution.

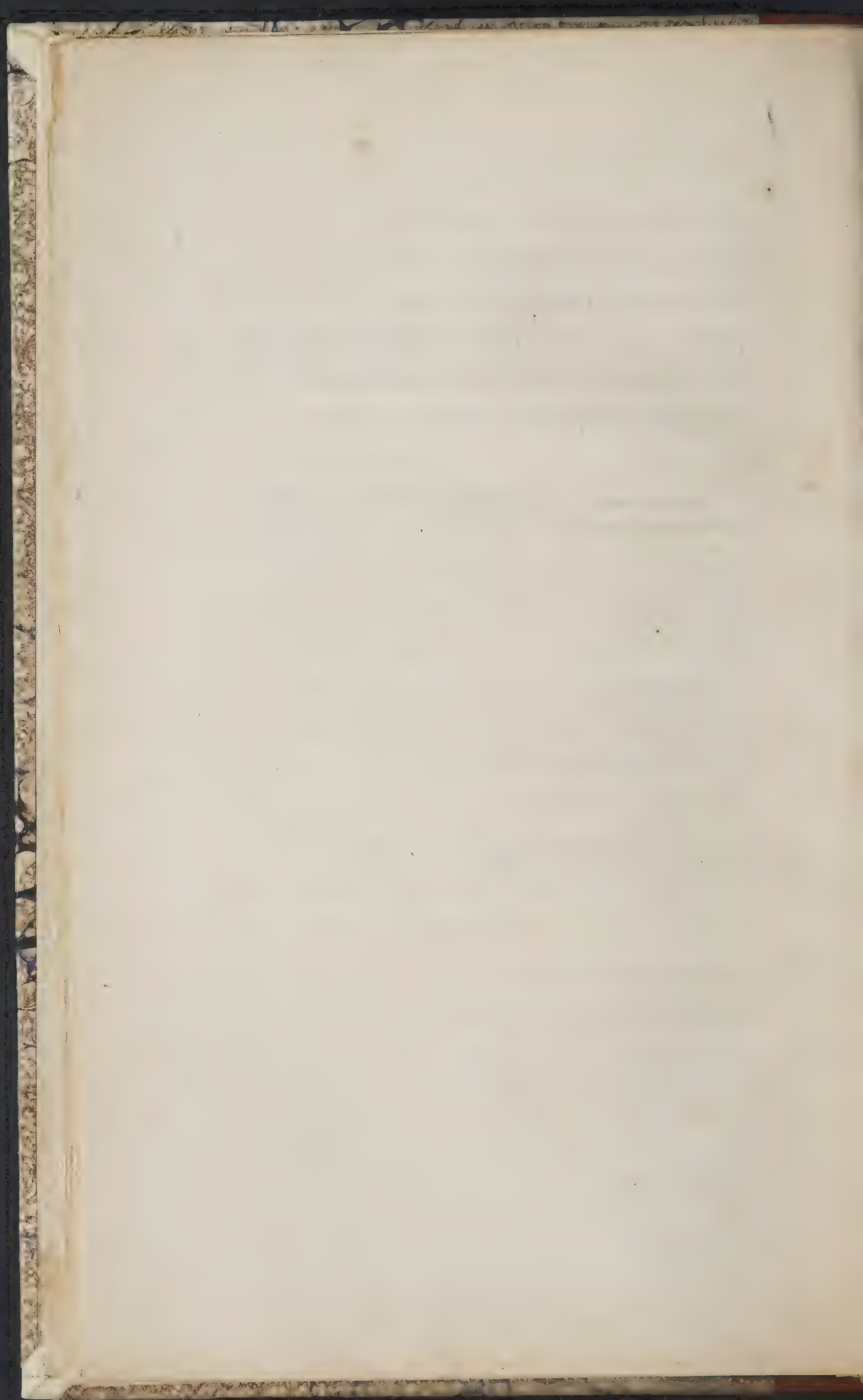
† When the patriotic phrenzy prevailed in France, the *Reformers* there frequently hanged their opponents on lamp-irons, without the trouble of a trial.

‡ By anonymous letters.

To threaten sudden dissolution
 To those who guard the Constitution,
 Then 'tis the duty of each man,
 (With hand, and heart, and tongue, and pen,)
 Who loves the country and the Throne,
 To *rise*,* and put this Faction down.

* That this term may not be misrepresented by the quibbling ephemeral writers in the Examiner, the News, the Statesman, &c. I shall explain its meaning, which is, that all honest and loyal men would unite with the Government, the Magistrates, &c. and by addresses, satire, and every lawful method, put down this tribe of disturbers, who only presume upon forbearance, and encroach upon lenity.





CANTO I.

When lawless mobs insult the court,
That man shall be my toast,
If breaking windows be the sport,
Who bravely breaks the most.

But, oh ! for him my fancy culls
The choicest flow'rs she bears,
Who *constitutionally* pulls
Your house about your ears.

Such civil broils are my delight,
Tho' some folks can't endure them,
Who say the mob are mad outright,
And that a rope must cure them.

A rope ! I wish we *Patriots* had
Such strings for all who need 'em ;
What ! hang a man for going mad !
Then farewell British freedom.

COWPER'S *Modern Patriots*.

POETS have sung in former ages
Of Patriots, Potentates, and Pages—
Of men who fought, and fell for Freedom,
And yet—the people did'nt heed'em,

But who shall dare in honest strain,
 To sing the* *Patriots* of this reign?
 Mine be the task, the glorious task,
 To tear aside the Traitor's mask,
 To hold him forth to public shame,
 Whate'er his rank, whate'er his name.
 Come forth, * * * * *, and if you dare
 For once to speak and act sincere,
 To this short question give solution,
 "Is not your object Revolution?"
 Else why this persevering plan
 To stigmatize each public man,—
 To cry down all that's true and loyal,—
 To ridicule what's ancient, royal;—
 To make the pressure of the Times
 A plea for riot, murder, crimes—
 Crimes first transplanted to this soil,
 By *foreign* wretches, base and vile;
 Crimes that degrade the human heart,
 And make e'en common murd'ers start;
 Crimes that would ne'er have thriv'd or grew
 In Albion—but for men like you.

* Is Dr. Johnson's definition of pretended Patriotism applicable to those marked in *Italics*?

But not a man amongst you dare
 To speak, or think, or act sincere;
 Not one will boldly venture forth,
 And show your claims to *all* the worth,
 To *all* the talents, *all* the trust;
 To *all* that's honest, pure, and just,
 In short, to quite a concentration
 Of *all* the virtues in the Nation.
 Is't to the drunken worthless sot,
 Who stiles himself a *Patriot*—
 Who drowns both shame and common sense
 In the full flow of impudence,
 Who hails as England's hope and pride
 A man, whose passions only guide;
 Whose *morals* ne'er can be forgot
 By those who recollect Miss Scott?
 Is't to the Gamester—who from *Hell**
 The keener *Grecians*§ expel,
 Declare unworthy, and unfit
 In *Hell* at Hazard more to sit,
 From some confounded clumsy throw
 That even *Pigeons*§ might see thro',

* A gambling house not far from St. James's Palace.

§ Technical terms belonging to the *Profession*.

And who by easy transformation
 Becomes a stickler for the Nation?
 Or is it to the Bankrupt, made
 So by neglect,—not want of trade;
 Ruin'd in friends and reputation,
 That we're to look for Reformation?
 A People fam'd for sober thought
 Are not so easy to be caught
 By specious sounding declamation
 On *Freedom* and *Fraternization*.
 What *is* this *Freedom*? Britons ask:—
 Licentiousness beneath a mask,
 Assuming Freedom's garb and guise
 To deal around seditious lies.
 What *are* these men? or knaves, or fools,
 Or Popularity's low tools—
 Tools to that Mob, whom they suppose
 They're daily leading by the nose.
 Freedom, if rightly understood,
 Means simply this—the PUBLIC GOOD.
 That State is free, where Law unites
 With Justice to protect the rights
 Of honest men, whate'er their stations,
 From rogues of *all* denominations.

Such are the men of loftiest rank,
 Who'd fight for Freedom, France, and Frank.
 Suppose we say they form the Steeple,
 The lower part we'll term the *People* ;*
 (Reader, forgive this allegory—
 'Tis necessary to my story ;)
 Hail to the *People* ! hail to those !
 Who do not deal in words, but blows ;
 All hail to thee, great General Ludd,†
 Whose fame is written with cold blood ;
 E'en the great Suchet, so be-prais'd !
 To hear of *thee*, shall stand amaz'd ;
 For, tho' he spar'd nor sex nor age,
 Foemen not Frenchman felt his rage ;
 But thou and thy ferocious band
 Shedd'st British blood with British hand.
 O ! 'tis a glorious theme for those
 Who love to hear their Country's woes,
 Who cas'd in *patriotic* steel
 Can only for a *Frenchman* feel.
 Nor can the deeds of Wellington,
 The num'rous battles he has won,

* See Katterfelto's definition of the *People*.

† An ideal name, used by the Northern Rioters, to inspire terror.

Tho' gain'd in Freedom's sacred cause
 Extract from them one faint applause.
 And should a man with honest pride
 Dare to defend his Country's side ;
 Or, more presumptuous still, arraign
 The conduct of the French in Spain ;
 Or, bolder yet, without decorum
 Speak of Napoleon before 'em,
 A din—more terrible by far
 Than is the Indian shout of war,
 Tho' all the *music* from the fair
 That's held in Smithfield once a year,
 Tho' asses gratis stretch'd their throats,
 Tho' cats and screech-owls gave their notes,
 Tho' all the Blackguards in the land,
 And Billingsgate should lend a hand
 Tho' all the Black-legs from Knavesmire*
 Should join in full harmonious choir,
 A din discordant—like the yell
 Of damned spirits doom'd in hell
 To hear, at fix'd and stated times,
 The record read of all their crimes,

* The name of York Race-course.

A din—of loud disapprobation
Would drown at once his bold oration.
Such wretches, from my soul, I hate,
Despise, detest, abominate.
Trace them to scenes in private life ;
Behold the trembling *patriot's* wife
Regard, with hollow sunken eye,
The Tyrant of her destiny ;
Yet forc'd upon her cheek to wear
A smile, to hide her grief and fear.
Mark too the children's artless fright,
The servants, who detest his sight,
And all whom Fate has curs'd enough
To place beneath a *Patriot's* roof!



CANTO II.



*“ Not all the Tyrant pow’rs of earth combin’d;
No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
Men who with selfish zeal are forging chains
For Freedom’s neck, and lend a helping hand
To spread destruction o’er my native land.
What! shall I not ev’n to my latest breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little strength which Nature gave,
And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?”*

CHURCHILL.



YE pow’rful Genii, who preside
O’er Wapping, Fleet-street, and Cheapside,
Ye Gogs and Magogs in debate,
Ye underminers of the state,
Ye Tailors, Tinkers, Traitors, all,
Ye Orators in Common Hall,

Ye stirrers up of all seditions,
 Ye paltry pot-house Politicians,
 Attend the Bard—for lo ! he sings
 Of wond'rous men and wond'rous things.
 Yet, hark ! methinks a voice I hear—
 A warning voice,—“ Forbear ! forbear !
 “ Dare not the *Patriots* to expose ;
 “ Tho' faithless friends, they're furious foes ;
 “ Excite their anger, they'll pursue ye
 “ From Ratcliffe-highway to Old Drury,
 “ Full whoop and halloo—‘ Now or never !
 ‘ Down with the laws ! B—d—tt for ever !”
 What ! shall the Bard forego his claim
 To British feeling, British name,
 And basely skulk from duty's post
 In danger's hour, when needed most?—
 Desert his Prince of Patriot worth,
 Whose soul is noble as his birth ;
 And raise his parricidal hand
 Against his “ own, his native land ?”
 No ! tho' B—d—tt and all his suit,
 With Cob and *Waiting*-man to boot,
 And Gr--ff--hs, D--w--n, M--r--l, M--ll--r,
 F—v—ll, and he who files the *siller*,

And Master Croak, and Mister R--v--s,
 And Mister Ketch, who cuts short thieves,
 And he who hoists the Whig's (White)
 pennant,
 And he of Newgate now the tenant,
 And *great Gaul* Jones, and eke Finnerly,
 Woodford, Bill Soames, and old My Hearty,*
 Colleagued with all the British Forum,
 In dread array now stood before him.
 No! tho' the dark assassin press'd
 The murd'ring steel against his breast,
 Sooner the coward blow he'd hail
 Than to his Prince or Country fail.
 Here anguish'd mem'ry will recal
 Thy sainted name, O PERCEVAL!
 Thrice hallow'd name,—what heart can e'er
 Repeat it, and restrain the tear,
 Sad tribute to departed worth;
 Yet—can it call thee back to earth?
 Can it to England's isle restore thee,
 To friends, to kindred, who deplore thee;

* A *practical Patriot*, as the Newgate Calendar will show.

To thousands, millions,* who thro' thee
 Shall taste the sweets of Liberty?
 Ah, no! but still thy spirit may
 (If Heav'n permits) with lucid ray
 Beam on the councils of the great,
 And guide unseen the helm of state;
 E'en now, from realms of endless joy,
 Thou may'st regard with anxious eye
 Thy Country's fame, and mark the tear,
 And listen to the Patriot's pray'r.

Now we must turn our thoughts again
 To Earth, and write of earthly men:
 And here, O Genius of Cornhill!
 I crave thy aid, require thy skill,
 To subdivide the rabble masses
 (Like Lottery tickets) into classes—
 1, 2, 3, 4, — A, B, C, D,
 Gradating from the first degree.

* Spaniards and Portuguese.

CLASS I.

A.

~~~~~

“ But should some half-got villain dare  
 Chains for his country to prepare,  
 And, by his birth, to slav’ry broke,  
 Make her, too, feel the galling yoke,  
 May he be evermore accurst,—  
 Amongst bad men be rank’d the worst!”

CHURCHILL.

~~~~~

ARTHUR,—who bears the badge of honour,*
 Napoleon’s friend, the fam’d O’Connor,
 With talents just to make a rogue,
 And nothing Irish, save the brogue;
 He, who for Ireland’s *pace* and quiet,
 Stirr’d up sedition, strife, and riot,
 He—who with Gallic traitors join’d
 To forge new fetters for mankind;
 Transplanted Treason from her soil
 To Erin’s gen’rous loyal Isle,

* A member of the Legion of Honour; so is General Lefebre, Simon, Philippon, (who have each broken their parole of honour,) and yet they are “all honourable men.”

And when his base intentions fail'd,
 And Loyalty and Law prevail'd,
 To save a worthless Traitor's head,
 Who, like the knave Napoleon* fled;
 This is the man—by Faction chose
 To lead the van of Britain's foes.

CLASS II.

B.

~~~~~  
*Oh ! thou who hast this world forsook,  
 Immortal Spirit of Horne Tooke,  
 Inspire my song,—and with Despard  
 Ascend,—and listen to the Bard.*  
 ~~~~~

BRENTFORD's hero, and the pride
 Of Westminster (I sing) beside ;
 Sound the marrow-bones and cleavers,
Ludd's new march before the Weavers,
 Blow the horns—and bruise the drums ;
 Lo! he comes ! he comes ! he comes !

* The disgraceful flight of the *Invincible* Buonaparte from Egypt is here alluded to.

SONG.

Air—Roderick Dhu.

HAIL to the *pride* and the *glory* of Britain;
Hail to the *Patriot* so staunch and so true,—
Hail to the man so proper and fitting
What our ancestors did for us all—to *undo*.

Hell, give him hope enough,
Earth, give him rope enough,
To hang all the Princes and Ministers too ;
Then shall each *honest* soul
In a full flowing bowl
Drink to the *Patriot* so staunch and so true.

Who of his *virtues* can ever write fast
enough ?

Who can disclose all his hopes and his views ?
Statesman and *Whig*—they can write master
puff,

Fee them well first—and so can the *News*.

Cobbett, for lucre bright,*
 On either side can write,
 And like Cameleon vary his hue ;
 The chiefs of the Forum too
 They can *encore* him too,
 Drink to the *Patriot* so staunch and so true.

Drunkards, and Gamesters who're tir'd of
 cogging,
 Blacklegs, and Blackguards who've nothing
 to do,
 Soldiers and sailors who do not like flogging,
 Hasten to him, and he'll teach you to brew
 Mischief in Church and State,
 Sedition in debate ;—
 Forward, my hearties ! the game is in view.
 Now each fill a bumper,
 And give him a plumper,
 Huzza ! for the *Patriot* so staunch and so true.

Thus sung, we'll " write him down an ass,"
 And leader of the second class.

* N. B. Not for Bank Notes,

CLASS III.

C.

~~~~~

“Sirs,” cries the umpire, “cease your pother,  
 “The creature’s neither one nor t’other :  
 “I caught the animal last night,  
 “And view’d it o’er by candle-light.  
 “I mark’d it well—’twas black as jet;  
 “You stare—but, Sirs, I’ve got it yet,  
 “And can produce it.” “Pray, Sir, do :  
 “I’ll lay my life the thing is blue.”  
 “And I’ll be sworn, that when you’ve seen  
 “The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.”  
 “Well then, at once to ease the doubt,  
 Replies the man, “I’ll turn him out;  
 “And when before your eyes I’ve set him,  
 “If you don’t find him *black*, I’ll eat him.”

MERRICK.

~~~~~

CAMELEON C—b—tt next must claim
 Our song,—for ’tis the Poet’s aim
 To deal impartially and true,
 And let the “Devil have his due.”
 C.-b--tts, or Cobblers, ne’er shall lose
 An inch by me, or by my muse.
 Sooner could Waithman hold his tongue,
 Burdett allow he has been wrong,

Cartwright confess himself mistaken,
 Or Hunt recant to save his bacon ;
 Sooner could C—ff—d cease to drink,
 Or *Patriots*, ere they speak, could—think ;
 Than I could stoop, by way of jobbing,
 (A second-handed sort of robbing,)
 To write what conscience disapprov'd,
 Tho' C—b—tt-like, the *spirit* mov'd.
 What melancholy thoughts prevail !
 Tom Paine is dead, and Cob's in jail ;*
 For Death, who heeds nor sense nor science,
 And deals alike with dwarfs and giants,
 Like Bonaparte—who in a rage
 Spares neither innocence nor age ;
 No matter why, no matter when,
 It suits his purpose and his plan.
 Thus Mister Death took Mister Paine,
 And snapt his thread of life in twain ;
Tooke yet he *left*, but now we mourn
 For both of 'em ;—yes !—both are gone !
 But 'twas considerate to spare
 Their child, their champion, and their heir,

* Before this comes from the Press, Cob will be *emancipated*.

For who more worthy to inherit
 If not their sense, at least their spirit,
 Than Mister C—b—tt? As a writer,
 I will admit there are *politer*,
 Yet if his stile is thick and coarse,
 Still it possesses strength and force ;
 A horse that's bred to hunt, or race,
 Can never fill a dray-horse' place,
 Nor, *vice versa*, can a dray-horse
 Ever become a *play or pay* horse.*
 Now be it known, engrav'd on brass,
 C—b—tt commands the third-rate class.‡

* See the Racing Calendar.

‡ A man of third rate abilities in England would, if transplanted, or transported to America, far outshine the most brilliant luminaries in that political hemisphere.

CLASS IV.

D.

~~~~~

The Cit, a common-council man by place,  
 Ten Thousand mighty nothings in his face,  
 By situation, as by nature great,  
 With nice precision parcels out the state.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,  
 And deals out empires, as he deals out thread;  
 His useless scales are in a corner flung,  
 And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

CHURCHILL.

~~~~~

DEHALFWITTO, the Linen-draper,
 Who deals in veils, and v̄ind, and vapour,
 Well known to ev'ry Fleet-street st--mp--t
 As London's loud-ton'd lying trumpet,
 Who blows, and breathes, and blows again,
 With all his might and all his main,
 So loud, that one would think his scull
 Was full of v̄ind, his body full,

And that he finds this method best
To practise, when he's most opprest ;
For vind we know will have a vent
With or without the mind's consent :
This man of Gingham and of Gas
Commands the fourth-rate fag-end class.



CANTO III.

~~~~~  
 "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

JOHNSON.  
 ~~~~~

SOME Authors gratify their fancies
 By writing novels and romances ;
 Some rise to fame on loftier themes,
 On poems, prophecies, and dreams ;
 Some launch a frigate, some a shallop,
 Some "prime—bang up"—start off full gallop ;
 While other Bards, whose wits are scanter,
 Go gently on the road, a canter ;
 Some write to *fill*, some *fill* to write,
 Some write thro' frolic, some thro' spite ;
 Some write to gain the world's applause,
 And others, to employ their—jaws ;
 My Muse and I disdain such follies,
 We write to banish melancholies,

To sooth the rugged brow of Care,
 To drive away the fiend Despair,
 T' expose hypocrisy and crimes,
 And lash the Follies of the Times.

When great men dabble in the stocks,
 They sometimes get electric shocks,
 A *Clerk* perhaps, to whom 'tis known
 May tell a friend, who tells the town,
 And thus the *Grand-vile* secret's known; }
 Shame, where's thy blush in such a case,
 But Shame-at D——'s in disgrace.
 Where does she dwell then? in the Temple,
 Or with such men as Major Semple?
 Or does she dwell with men of physic,
 Who cure the palsy, p—, and phthisic?
 Or is her dwelling in Cheapside,
 Or in Fleet-street does she reside?
 Or has old Mother W--ds--r* caught her?
 If so, perhaps my Lord has bought her;
 For Lords have lusts like common men,
 And *Privilege* to cover sin.

* A celebrated Cyprian Priestess, whose temple is near Pall Mall.

And here I can't withhold that praise
 By contrast due to modern days.
 Time was, (I mean an ancient time,)

When ignorance was thought a crime
 In men of rank,—who could as soon
 Have ta'en a voyage to the moon,
 As soon have given away a daughter
 In marriage to a common porter,
 As condescend to sit at table
 With fellows brought up in a stable,
 Adopt their habits and their clothes,
 Their blackguardism's slang, and oaths :
 But Times are alter'd since we find,
 Our Ancestors—poor souls !—were blind ;
 They toil'd, and slav'd, and went to sleep,
 We live, Fruition's fruits to reap,
 And will enjoy them, free from cares,
 Let Providence provide for *heirs*.

But to return :——For want of bail
 She may be forced to live in jail ;
 Newgate for instance, which receives
 Turncoats and turnkeys, thiev'd and thieves,
 Writers, and those who cannot write,
 Fighters, and those who dare not fight,

Bankers and Bankrupts, Brokers, Brewers,
 Ladies of *virtew* and Impures,
 Lawyers and Loungers, Bulls and Bears,
 Knights of the Shire, and of the shears;
 To crown this group of beings motley,
 I shall include the Man of Botley;
 I beg his pardon—I had near
 Forgot to say—the *Statesman's* there.
 No! Shame could sooner cry "*Old cloashs*,"
 Than dwell with two such well-known foes.
 Can Shame and C—b—tt e'er agree?
 It seems impossible to be.
 His life, his character, his fame,
 Each, all, are antidotes to shame.
 The *Statesman* too, whose daily lies
 Like pestilential vapours rise,
 Spreading their noxious poisons round
 From *British* Press on British ground,
 Rousing the passions of the Mob
 By the same means as Brother *Cob*;
 (Harmonious, tingling, tuneful metre,
 What name can chime with *Mob* completer?)
 For taxes, troubles, and disasters,
 The *Statesman* Quack sells pills and plasters,

Since Ministers are all—defaulters,
 The proper panacea is—halts,
 Since Paine has *clearly* prov'd that Kings,
 The best of 'em—are useless things,
 A remedy is in our pow'r,
 (Frank knows it well,) y'clep'd the Tow'r.
 The *Rights of Man* also evince
 'Tis very wrong to have a Prince.
 It reasons thus;—tho' not a King,
 In essence 'tis the self-same *thing*;
 Ergo—let ev'ry Prince be sent
 Into perpetual banishment.
 Where then dwells Shame? in some low shed,
 Where humble Merit hides her head,
 Unknown, unnotic'd, and obscure,
 Yet free from act or thought impure;
 There Shame unites with sober sense,
 And brings forth modest Diffidence.

CANTO IV.

~~~~~

*Muse, let us sing of mighty things—  
Of men who fain would ride on Kings.  
And whip and spur their betters :  
And let us tell some pleasant tales  
About their banishment from Wales,  
And other merry matters.*

~~~~~

*“ Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmov’d,
Unshaken, uneduc’d, unterrify’d,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass’d ;
Long way thro’ hostile scorn, which he sustain’d
Superior, nor of violence fear’d aught ;
And with retorted scorn hi back he turn’d
On those proud peers to disappointment doom’d.”*

MILTON.

~~~~~

**H**EALTH to the Man, whose heart beats high  
With honour, and with chivalry,  
Who, when a pow’rful party, late  
With pride and vanity inflate,  
Essay’d to dictate to the Throne  
In arrogant indecent tone,

With lofty spirit, that became  
 His noble heart and noble name,  
 Check'd the proud puppets of ambition,  
 And turn'd adrift the Opposition,  
 Who, thus defeated and disjointed,  
 Out-*talented* and disappointed,  
 Deserted by their old friend Sh—r—y,  
 And *half* forsaken too by P—r—y ;  
 (P—r—y, whom people said (God knows !)  
 Led them whene'er, where'er he chose,  
 And found both brains and composition  
 To keep afloat the Opposition,)  
 May now keep at a proper distance,  
 And feed their pride upon *Consistence*.  
 What *is* Consistence ? that's the question :  
 I mean the thing of *modern* fashion.  
 Is it a mask put on to hide  
 The pangs of disappointed pride ?  
 Is it a guinea short of weight ?  
 Or is it *quite* a counterfeit ?  
 Is't like a Bully of the Town,  
 Who boasts of honour and renown,  
 Talks big, and points to num'rous scars,  
 (Trophies of Venus, *not* of Mars,)



But who, like Frenchmen in a battle,  
 Will fly when put upon his *mettle*.  
 Consistence once, in days of yore,  
 Meant merely this—and nothing more,  
*That cool reflection should precede,*  
*And Conscience ratify each deed.*  
 'Tis not from words we judge—but *facts*;  
 'Tis not from promises—but *acts*;  
 Need I (accursed be the name,  
 Cover'd with everlasting shame !)  
 Mention their W——'s coward fears,  
 And shameful flight from B——s A-r-s?  
 Need I recount their wond'rous works,  
 Perform'd against the turban'd Turks?  
 Need I to name that crisis\* lost  
 When Britain's aid was wanted most,  
 When twenty thousand British boys,  
 Led by the General of their choice,  
 Had they but shown their steely metal,  
 Would soon have turn'd the beam of battle?  
 Need I—but no—I will relax  
 And only name the I—c—e T—x,

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\* Campaign between the Russians and French.

Which they, to save a *petty* trouble,  
*Consistently* contriv'd to double;  
 But here 'tis proper that I should  
 Most perfectly be understood.  
 I love my Country, love the Throne ;  
 Whose rights preserv'd, preserve my own,  
 I love the laws—because they guard  
 The humblest as the highest Bard ;  
 I love the taxes—no, not *quite*,  
 But yet I know they're just and right,  
 And sooner the last doit I'd pay  
 Than crouch beneath a foreign sway ;  
 Nor do I feel indisposition  
 To countenance an Opposition ;  
 The thing indeed is very proper,  
 When us'd as a tobacco-stopper,  
 To keep the ministers of state  
 Within due limits by its weight ;  
 But, when that spirit once descends  
 To private purposes and ends,  
 Opposes *but* for opposition,  
 To vent its spleen and spoil'd ambition,  
 Then it becomes another matter,  
 And just and lawful food for Satire



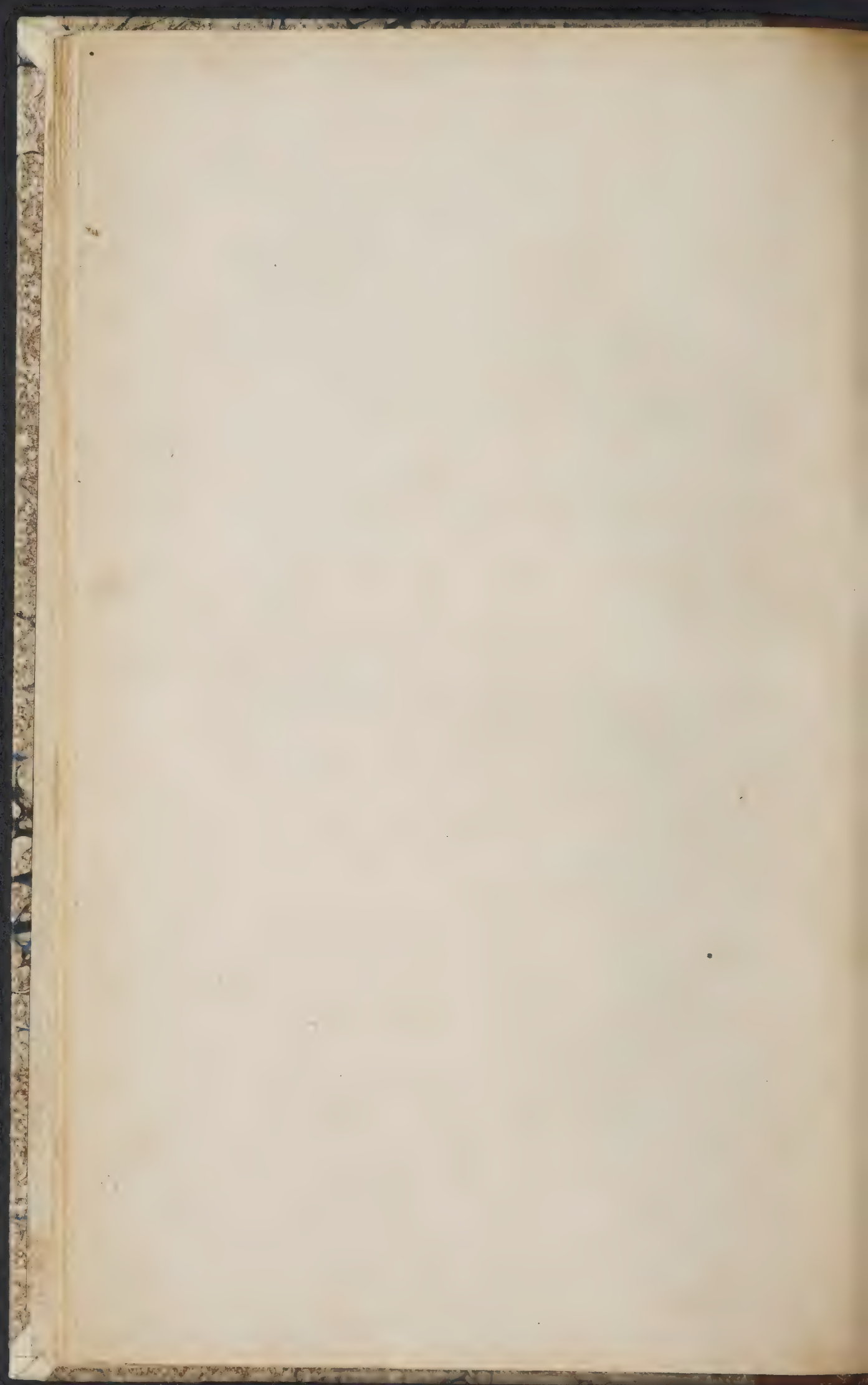
But let us now propose some queries  
 In answer to our good friend P—r—y's.\*  
 Was it a most unlucky hour  
 When they assumed the reins of pow'r?  
 Had Fate with Bonaparte allied,  
 Thro' them to curb the Nation's pride?  
 Did they use powerful exertions,  
 For pensions, places, and reversions?  
 Did they or not o'ershoot the mark  
 Thinking the ——— was in the dark?  
 Reader would'st thou with honour guide  
 Thy way thro' life, beware of Pride,  
 Yet do not, to escape that vice,  
 Split on th' opposing precipice.  
 Pride shows the weakness of the head—  
 Servility, the heart that's bad.  
 Pursue the middle path, 'tis best,  
 And trust to Heaven for the rest.

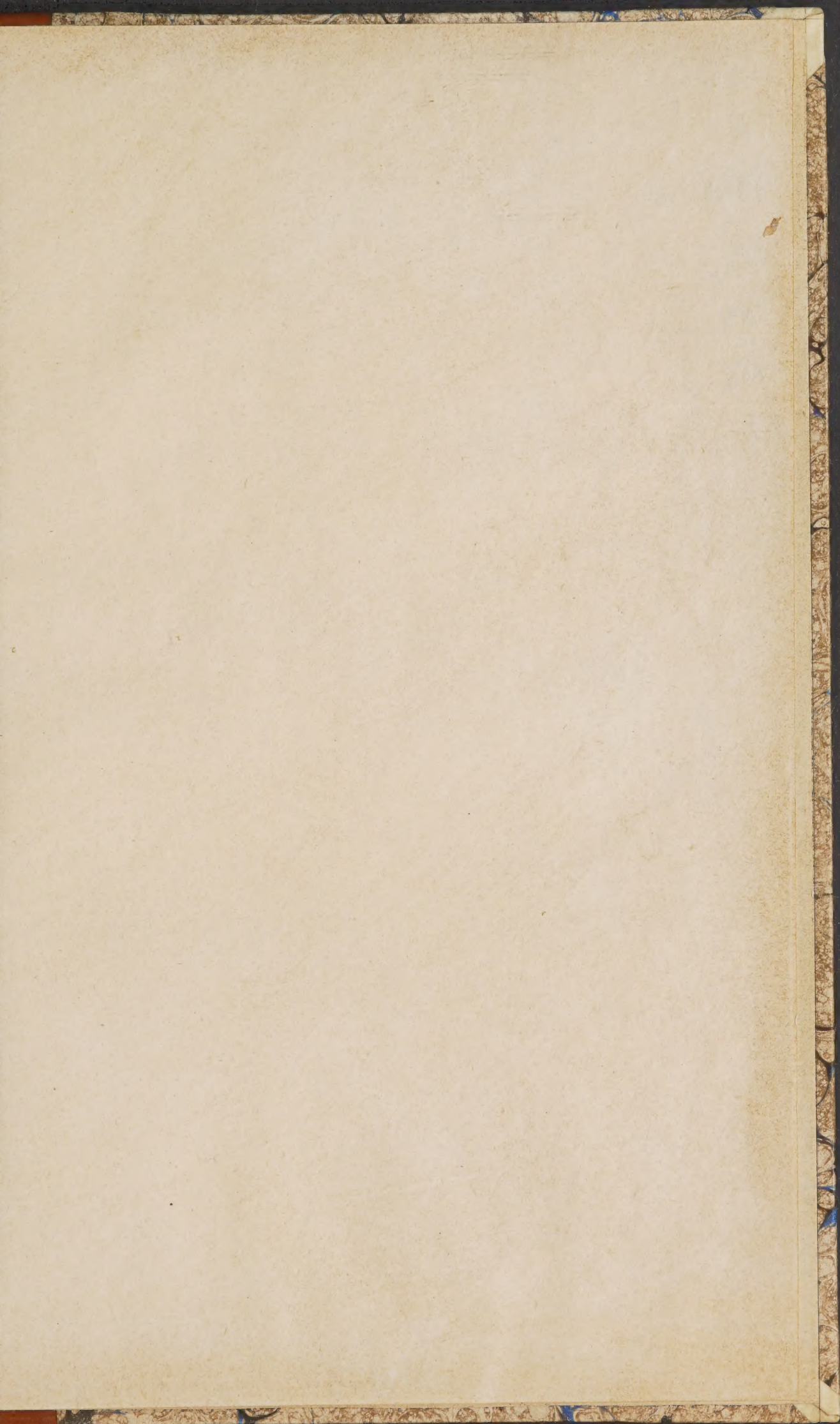
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\* See The M——g Ch——e, 26th June, &c. &c.











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